The Undergraduate.

VOL. VI. MIDDLEBURY, VT., JULY, 1881. NO. 9.

THE OLD JANITOR.

TO H. W. P.

With hair as white as winter's drifted snow,
And shoulders bent with weight of many cares,
The old man stands beside the chapel stairs,
Where first he gave me welcome long ago.
Four years have passed in time's unceasing flow;
I know it only by his silver hairs—
This hour has crept upon me unawares,
And finds me sadly lingering, loath to go.
Within the shadow of the poplars tall,
We never more shall smoke our pipes at eve,
And watch the swallows as they homeward fly,
To nest and birdlings in the old, grey hall.
But life is full of change. 'Tis vain to grieve.
Great hearted man, old friend of mine, good bye!

J. C. H.

METHODS OF HISTORICAL WRITING.

It was not until the latter part of the eighteenth century that historical writings became a recognized department of English literature. Hume and Gibbon rendered history classic. They had high ideals. They recognized the dignity of their office and they embodied dignity in their histories.

They paraded the splendor of royalty, the din and carnage of battle, and the intrigues of courtiers, but they failed to descend to the life of the common people, to discuss their peculiarities and to picture their customs; and rejecting these details, they deprived history of the poetry and imagination which cluster around them. They embellish their writings with great events and distinguished personages, but even these they make elaborate rather than lifelike.

It was left to the genius of Sir Walter Scott to utilize these neglected materials in the domain of fiction. Every reader of Kenilworth sees the reign of Kenilworth as a lifelike scene, and the heart of every person who has read Ivanhoe thrills at the very mention of Richard Cœur de Lion, his knights and yeomanry.

Shortly after this Macaulay entered the literary world. Assuming as his definition of history that it was a "compound of poetry and philosophy," he was at once convinced that the fascinating details which enhanced the popularity of Scott's historical romances were the proper possession of the historian. He invaded the realms of romance, reclaimed these materials, and became the exponent of a new departure in the methods of historical writing.

The popular mind welcomes the change. It awoke to the fact that history might be something more than food for philosophers or a guide to politicians. Poetry was no longer confined to verse and romance. Imagination preceded history. The romantic genius of Carlyle found expression in panoramic views of the past. Nothing was too common-place for him to dramatize. Hear his exhortation to the gun-smiths of Paris in the French Revolution, "Smite, then; the faster, O ye black-aproned smiths. Smite. This man and that, all strike from head to heel with thunder alternating, and ply the great forge hammer till steel and stithy ring again." Strange contrast to the pompous style of Gibbon or the staid utterances of Hume.

This method as introduced by Macaulay, and more especially its extreme representation by Carlyle has been the subject of severe criticism. Prof. Seelye of London, who is intensely judicial and whose ideal history is critical and argumentative without regard to popular acceptance, speaks of the change as that "hurtful tendency introduced into history, the tendency to substitute a literary for a political estimate." He evidently assumes that literary men write to please

the popular fancy rather than to expound a system of philosophy and aim at picturesqueness to the exclusion of sound judgment. "Anything or everything," he says, "rather than to spoil history for the sake of making it readable-"

This is a self-evident proposition, but Macaulay would add that history full and properly treated will inevitably be readable; that imagination and attention to details do not necessarily tend to the subversion of political philosophy, but are invaluable concomitants of it. What is there in them inconsistent with sound judgment? True, imagination is liable to excess, but we can no more reject it, on that account, than we can eschew judgment because it may become corrupted.

Macaulay is charged with being an advocate rather than a judge, but he himself brings the very same charge against the philosopher Hume. Carlyle was extravagant, but this is not the fault of the modern conception of history. He fell into error, not because he embraced the new principles, but because he violated them, and neglected the caution of Macaulay that the imagination should be controlled.

Modern histories are competent refutations of the charge that an interesting and lively style is necessarily partial and inaccurate. "The History of Our Own Time" by Justin McCarthy is generally acknowledged to be the very opposite of this, and yet it is as entrancing as the works of a fanciful novelist.

Mr. J. R. Green in his "History of the English People," has fully developed one important feature which even the old school historians might acknowledge to be at variance neither with the dignity nor with the philosophy of history. He has investigated the literature of the past in connection with its politics. He recognizes the fact that the works of great authors are true indices to the spirit and habits of their times, and have had more force in shaping English history than many of the much flaunted heroes of chivalry or courtly intrigue.

The modern style of history not only awakens the interest of immense popular audiences, but it comes to the end of political philosophy itself. It aims, as Macaulay puts it, to "exhibit the character and spirit of an age in miniature," from a life-like view of which principles can be understandingly drawn that may be safely trusted to guide political policies. This is the modern ideal of history, criticised because never yet fully carried out. Could one historian be found who, accepting this notion of history, should write the clear forceful style and vivid imagination of Macaulay with the earnestness of Carlyle, the literary tastes of Green and the practical wisdom of Hallam, he would confer an invaluable benefit upon literature and politics and would unite the warring factions of the critics of history.

THE IRRECONCILABLE.

ETON, June 3d, 1878.

DEAR FATHER—Your letter containing the money was duly received. Your generosity this time, as heretofore, exceeded my necessity. I feel very grateful to you for this additional donation, and in return will heartily endeavor to reciprocate the favor in the only way possible, in my present circumstances, viz: by employing it economically and prudently to defray the necessary expenses of my residence here.

The school is prospering finely. Our Latin this Semester is Horace—by far the most delightful author we have read yet—superior even to Virgil in my immature estimation. Were I inclined to view him critically, I would simply wish him less inclined to conviviality, but this I dare say was not an unusual trait of character in that unchristian period. We have an occasional exercise in reading the new Testament in the original—a very beneficial exercise. In the prosecution of this study I have sometimes been thrilled at the thought that I was reading the Scriptures in the very words in which Paul and John and Christ himself spoke.

Yesterday the Rev. Mr. L. preached a telling sermon in behalf of the unfortunate victims of the famine in China. His allusions to the heart-rending scenes in that land of idolatry affected me. I yielded to an impulse to give $2.50 towards the contribution at the close of the service for their relief. I am not sorry that I gave it but I overstepped my authorized offerings for such purposes.

Was grieved to learn of Dea. Garrick's death, though not wholly unexpected. I always regarded him as an exemplary man. Do you remember when we were walking together last spring how he expressed his entire confidence that he would go to heaven when he died? Who could doubt his title to a celestial heritage? I will be somewhat curious to know who will be appointed to the vacant stewardship. I must now close, as the bell for recitation is ringing. Give my love to mother and little Emma. Hope they are well and happy.

From your affectionate son, M—.

ETON, June 2d, '78.

Sunday P. M.

FRIEND BILL—Have just finished an acknowledgment to the old Satrap of the receipt of a little pittance, barely enoagh to keep the bailiffs without, and as my writing material is handy will avail myself of the opportunity to answer yours of May the 12th.

Have incidentally implied the receipt of a letter from home, and doubtless you are interested in the local news from that quarter. Nothing of importance except that old Garrick has "turned his toes to the sun" finally. Do you remember how he squealed on us when he caught us in Dave Bailey's watermelon patch two years ago? I presume that he has had occasion to make his obeisance and apology to Lucifer ere this for his uninvited attention to the affairs of others. That is the only *eulogium* that the Saintly (?) Garrick has merited at my hands, and I assure myself that you will endorse it.

Assuming that you still maintain a lively interest in matters pertaining to your humble servant and old Eton who has nursed so many intellectual prodigies in the past, and at present is incubating no less hopeful embryos, I will be somewhat personal.

Last Friday evening Tim and Joe Henry and Jack Thompson came in for a game of euchre and a little discussion. Jack is a model of an agreeable fellow. I think that he is guilty of but one sin, and that the unpardonable one of trumping his partner's ace.

Studies are dull and monotonous as ever. The Alcestis of Euripides is the Greek. What English edition of this impressive tragedy do you use? I like Davidson for the sentiment, but Clark's interlinear is, by all means, the drones' friend. He has even strained himself to find expressions for *men* and *de*, which the wise Hadley pronounced impossible with our existing English vocabulary. The master hears us in Horace for a change. The same sentiment pervades the odes, epodes and secular hymn, but all these are addressed to various esteemed friends, and all are written in different metres. The words of a certain critic whose name I forget, are not insignificant when applied to Horace: "A costiveness of thought and diarrhœa of words." Before dismissing the subject of studies I must not omit mention of another, or a pastime rather, consisting of the recitation of a few verses of St. Luke in Greek on Monday morning's (notice the temporal arrangement as an instance of the wisdom and foresight of the governing body here). Out of deference to your patience and time I will forbear from any comment except that Tutor B. thinks that we differ little in our version from the last edition of King James.

Perhaps, under the topic of dissipation it would have been the proper place to say that I attended the concert by the philharmonic troupe Thursday evening. The affair expressed in dollars and cents would be something like minus $2.78. but a trifle would have cancelled the pleasure I took, as Amelia persisted in an inces-

sant flirtation with some other boys, which, of course, irritated my jealousy. After much deliberation I have resolved to suspend negotiations with her until she sees fit to mend her ways. The coldness of my demeanor toward her in the meanwhile will serve, I trust, as a copy of this resolution.

Favor me with a reply at your earliest convenience.

Believe me your friend, M—.

IMPERFECTUS.

DELIVERED AT COMMENCEMENT, JULY 6TH.

The down of thistles. swaying on the breeze;
An autumn leaflet, falling from the trees;
A bit of driftwood, floating down the stream;
A subtle fancy, passing in a dream.
Thus pass our days and ere we are aware,
Old time weaves threads of silver in our hair;
We live and strive, and know not which is best,
The day of toil or night's unending rest;
Long vistas in our future we unfold,
And find at last—a dream, that soon is told.

It is not mine to sing sad songs to-day
And cast a gloom o'er hearts that would be gay;
Nor is it mine your favoring smiles to win,
With mirth and glee, when heartaches hide within;
It is not mine to shed regretful tears
O'er all the joys that throng six happy years,
And which to-day are numbered with the past,
Bright hopes and broken dreams—too sweet to last.

The years we spend in tracing wisdom's ways,
Gird on the armor for the coming days
Of toil and strife, but when the race is run
We sigh to think that we have scarce begun.
Where'er we roam each hour of transient joy
Is mingled with its meed of gross alloy;
We meet to part, and life lives but to die,
And ring the changes on the words "good-bye."

* * * * * * *

Of course there is a glorious future in front,
A life work to be nobly planned;
But with only an A. B., for which no one cares,
The prospect is not very grand.

There's never a time in man's whole life
When sympathy finds fitter place
Than when on the threshold, diploma in hand,
He meets the whole world face to face.

There's never a moment more painful to him
Than when, the hot tears looking through,
He sees his own future so distant and dim,
And murmurs, "Now, what shall I do?"

* * * * * * *

So many fail where one attains success
We quite forget to make our ideal less
And gain an end. We fear that we may fall
And oftentimes neglect to strive at all.
No life is grand without its pure ideal,
And purpose strong to make the bright dream real.
But he is bold who chooses once for all,
And 'tis for him, among the first, to fall.
Far nobler he, and worthier of our praise,
Who climbs with steady tread the devious ways
That lie before; achieving one by one,
Good deeds that win the crown when all is done.

An ancient legend tells us of a time
When spirits roamed the earth in every clime;
Good deeds and bad beyond the power of men,
The legend tells us were accomplished then,
And one good spirit in a boastful mood
Assumed, since nothing had his power withstood,
That him alone all nature must obey,
And yield allegiance to his sovereign sway.
An evil spirit hearing him proclaim
His deeds of prowess and his wondrous fame,
Agreed to bend subservient to his will
If he would prove three times his boasted skill;
But should he fail and leave a task undone,
His life should forfeit to the evil one.
The bargain made, the evil spirit said:
"This river swiftly flowing in its bed
Turn back, and where to-day the waves are seen,
To-morrow let there be a field of green."
The task was done. Again the spirit said:
"Where yonder mountain rears its lofty head,
To-morrow let three peaks, instead of one.
Reflect the radiance of the rising sun."
This done, the evil spirit once more came
To win the wager and the forfeit claim.
"Weave me a rope," he said, "no power can break;
A rope as pliant as your hands can make,
And only this I give thee, nothing more,
The shifting sands along the sea-girt shore."

* * * * * * *

A lesson from this legend we may learn,
To our own lives its teachings we may turn;
For God hath given us hands to do with zeal
The biddings of the heart for woe or weal.
Let us beware lest we too may command
A fruitless task in *weaving ropes of sand*,
And let us aim, with purpose good and true,
The lesser tasks of our brief lives to do.
For greatness comes from conquering the less,
And naught succeeds like this same thing, "success."
If we would win we cannot choose our toil,
But sail the sea or till the fertile soil,
As seems most fit and nearest to our hand,
And thus become more worthy to command.
No man has ever yet in endless quest
Attained the height where all ambitions rest,
And seek no more. He wins the highest prize
Who leaves no task unfinished in his rise.
What one has lived, who, when his race was run,
Has said: "The best in all things I have done?"

I wonder if ever a song was sung,
But the singer's heart sang sweeter!
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung,
But the thought surpassed the meter.
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought!
Or if ever a painter with light and shade
The dream of his inmost heart portrayed!

I wonder if ever a rose was found
And there might not be a fairer!
Or if ever a glittering gem was ground
And we dreamed not of a rarer!
Ah! never on earth do we find the best,
But it waits for us in a land of rest,
And a perfect thing we shall never behold,
Till we pass the portals of shining gold.

J. C. H.

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

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EDITORIAL.

IT is not the saddest moment of a man's life when he writes his very last editorial for his college paper. The task is one which is extremely suggestive and brings into being a flood of recollections, painful and otherwise, but with them all comes the cheering thought that a burden has been lifted which for accumulative energy is unsurpassed. With this issue of the Undergraduate we resign the editorial pen and shears to other hands: hands we hope and trust, which will profit by our failures and improve upon our successes. We do not claim that we have done our best. We have simply provided copy when the printer demanded it. Even this has some times been a laborious task. We have not found that hearty support from alumni and students which the college paper deserves, and for the sake of the incoming board we say to the former "Send in yonr subscriptions more promptly," and to the latter "Send in your literary work, good, bad and indifferent, and give the editors an opportunity to pick and choose."

We do not begrudge the time we have given to the Undergraduate, for it has in many cases brought its own reward. The necessary contact with our exchanges has kept us alive to the customs and manners at other colleges, and frequent visits at the publishers has rendered type setting and proof reading at least a last resort if all our pet theories and plans fail. As we step down and out, it may not be out of place to thank our exchanges for their kind remarks during the year. No paper has yet criticised who has not found a good word for us. This fact about cancels the bill we should have rendered for time in the service.

To the alumni who have cheered us on in our endeavors, we promise an equal interest on our part in later years to the Undergraduate, and will do as they have done toward us.

To the students whose contributions have lessened our editorial labors, we also extend sincere and heartfelt thanks, and to the incoming board of editors we extend, as previously mentioned, one old gold pen and a pair of forty cent shears, with whatever of good will we may have gained from friends and subscribers.

As we leave the Undergraduate, we turn over the books to Cobb & Fuller, who are authorized to make collections according to the needs of the paper. It will soon be October and at

that time our three hundred and fifty subscribers will be owing for another year's subscription, with a few glorious exceptions where alumni have sent in a five dollar bill for the paper in advance. The tone of letters from several of our most noted alumni makes us certain that they enjoy the Undergraduate and wish it to continue and prosper. One or two have said, "If there is danger of financial failure let me know in time." This sounds good to our ears, and we hope the class of '82 will feel a fatherly interest in the Undergraduate which will prevent neglect, for neglect will kill the best paper that can be printed.

PERHAPS the most peculiar sensation of a man's whole life is that which he experiences when he steps down from the stage after receiving his diploma, and with a dazed sort of feeling enquires of his nearest neighbor "Which way had I better go?"

He is very much like a locomotive engine on a turn table, steam up, panting with suppressed energy, yet trembling with indecision before the numerous tracks that lie before. Which one is best? Which is the quickest route to name, fame, wealth, influence, power, happiness? It is a painful moment, and he is indeed fortunate for whom kind Fortune has marked a course before the apron strings of Alma Mater are untied. A collegiate education does not necessarily imply that professional duties must follow graduation, and just here too many err. It is wrong to spoil a good farmer in making a poor preacher. The discipline of a college course will show to advantage on the farm about as well as at the bar or in the desk after all. Given physical and moral health, four years of college life with its duties and pleasures, add to this a reasonable amount of New England grit and life with its struggling is no burden. On the contrary, it becomes a work of pleasure and profit If we mistake our calling we must forget to be stiff necked, and must listen to wholesome advice. Many preachers are hoeing corn to-day and, alas! there are more who ought to be. If some of them would hoe with the vigor with which they pound the pulpit cushion the crops would yield enormously. But whether we hoe or preach we should have a purpose beside the gaining of our daily bread. Let a steady purpose be the mainspring of our lives, and the minor wheels will run so smoothly that jar and friction becom. comparative strangers.

IF the UNDERGRADUATE is to live, it must find from some source a more vigorous support than it has enjoyed (?) during the past year. The Undergraduate sends out its bills only when it needs money, and the alumni should feel interest in the college and its institutions sufficient to prevent their utterly ignoring these bills. Seventy-five postals were recently sent out, representing about one hundred and fifty dollars due this paper and the exhausted and hungry treasury found itself about one-sixth satisfied. Scarcely a name on our books is at present paid up beyond January, 1881. Two more numbers will complete the college year, when there will be about three hundred dollars due the paper for subscriptions alone. If our alumni will realize this and somewhere in October send the one dollar for 1882, the Undergraduate can go on. It certainly cannot live another year on the scanty rations of the past. Several graduates have mentioned an endowment fund for the paper and some have pledged themselves in amounts from fifty to two hundred dollars. A better plan could not be suggested for helping Middlebury College. Earnest work on the college paper is fully equal to that on any study of the course, and far superior to some of them. Above all, if the paper is to succeed, it should not be left entirely upon one pair of shoulders. The Undergraduate springs from the spare moments of the students, or should do so, and not from time stolen from other duties.

The remarks of exchanges from California to

Maine justify us in saying that the Undergraduate has been a good thing for Middlebury College, and we hope and trust that a hearty support may be given where it is due.

THE Kaleidoscope this year was a larger book than has ever been issued under that title, and it is enough to say that all were satisfied with it. A new feature is the insertion of advertisements, which help to make the publication less of a financial failure. The typography by Mr. Geo. Moore of Plattsburgh is most excellent, and the terms in printing which he has given to the class of '81 make it a pleasant duty to tender onr sincere thanks and appreciation. The Kaleidoscopes were never sold so cheaply and have never contained so many illustrations. Some of them were a little familiar, but when the contributions from the students were so scanty it is not surprising.

Not one cent was contributed by the Senior class toward paying for their class cut or any other cut, and but few members of other classes paid the small sum demanded for that purpose. A spirit of that kind in a college is a death blow to any enterprise no mattar how trifling, and we trust in future students may feel that they have the true and substantial support from their mates when they attempt like efforts. The Kaleidoscope was not a financial failure in spite of the difficulties, but it might have been a most decided success if the students had fulfilled their part more honorably and unselfishly.

PERHAPS there is no trick of diplomacy more contemptible than the refusal of a wealthy citizen to hand in his tax list honestly. A man who will accept the privileges which his country affords and then attempt to defraud her of the small per centage which she requires for affording these privileges, ought to be deprived of the right of franchise and forbidden to open his mouth on political issues entirely. A man who will allow his actual list to be doubled, pay taxes on this, and even then make money, is no man to put over young men as an example, neither can he look for respect from the rising generation, even though his hair is white and bis step unsteady. All the listers demand is an oath that the list is true, judged by man's best ability in the matter, and surely it is not a difficult matter to tell the truth if one really wants to. Grasping penuriousness in a man who is laying by a store for old age is to a certain extent overlooked, but when associated with those whose race is well nigh run, it excites a feeling whieh is something a little worse than contempt.

WHY it is that some persons find it more easy to be rude and uncivil than kind and polite, is a mystery which Providence alone can see through. There are those, whose whole aim and purpose in life seems to be the producing of discomfort for others. Such people are to be pitied by every person who has felt the pleasure arising from whole-souled and generous actions. A little courtesy costs nothing, makes the giver and receiver happier and more contented with life, and yet how few jump at the chance for obtaining this happiness. We have in mind, of course, some particular acts of discourtesy, and had we more room we should discourse upon the subject at length and send a marked copy to the person who has provoked the expression of our feelings in the matter.

COULD Vermont be written up as completely as many of our popular summer resorts have been, she would be filled to overflowing during July and August. There are a thousand and one delightful nooks among these Green Mountains which are comparatively unknown, even to the inhabitants of our own Vermont villages, where a summer hotel properly managed and well advertised would do a prosperous business. The shores of Lake Champlain, the hills along the valley of the Otter Creek, the numerous lakes in the interior of the State, all are teeming with attractions which many of our popular resorts are sadly

lacking. Human beings are, after all, very much like a flock of sheep Let some leader start and away go the lesser people, helter-skelter afterward. A good first-class hotel, newly built, would do well to send a complimentary ticket for a summer's board to a few well known New Yorkers, and thus guarantee a houseful, on the sheep plan.

Let some Vermonter with a good head, pick out the picturesque and beautiful nooks of Vermont, properly describe them and illustrate a glowing manuscript for *Harper's* or *The Century Co.*, and in addition to the pay for his article, Vermont might easily afford to contribute a round sum out of the resources brought into the State during one season.

AMONG college students the habit of cigarette smoking has become almost universal. It holds a place with American students on a par with the beer drinking of German university men, and unfortunately is far worse for them. When the wrapper of a cigarette is manufactured entirely from rice, the injury of the paper is reduced to a minimum, but more or less arsenic finds its way into cigarette paper through the tricks of trade. Nine students out of ten inhale the smoke of a cigarette. Just here lies the difficulty. Without inhaling, the pastime becomes insipid and unsatisfactory. A few mouthfuls of smoke inhaled before breakfast will produce intoxication almost as apparent as a glass of brandy, except among the old veterans, and this stimulation, like all others, has its reaction, leaving the nerves relaxed and both mind and muscle weaker for the indulgence. A mouthful of smoke blown through a handkerchief leaves a deep, brown stain of nicotine clinging to the fabric. The same amount of smoke inhaled upon the lungs leaves more or less of nicotine upon the tissues of the lungs. Nature, of course, in her desire to throw out of the system all foreign elements discards this nicotine, but it requires effort which an overruling Providence had intended for other purposes. It is the extra work which we have no right to demand of our systems.

One drop of the oil of tobacco placed upon a dog's tongue will produce almost instant death. Our young men are slowly but surely attaining the required amount. There is a fascination about cigarettes which it is hard to explain. The cigarette smoker looks upon his favorite brand with a mingled feeling of disgust and tenderness. The why and wherefore for either he would find difficulty in explaining. The habit is growing rapidly. Six years ago a man on the s reets of this town smoking a cigarette was stared at and the street gamins exclaimed "Look at that feller, smokin' paper." To-day the smallest of them will run errands all over town to earn a penny wherewith to purchase the abominable nuisance. They are cheap and there is a dainty look about them which does not appear in the cigar or pipe where the tobacco is visible, and something of their charm, perhaps, lies in this fact.

The love of cigarettes lies in the habit. A few days of cigar or pipe smoking makes a cigarette distasteful, and we would advise young men who are in the toils to take up the cigar or pipe until cigarettes are obnoxious, and then gradually withdraw from the cigars until one after each meal satisfies. Just here a man may remain without fear of injury, and may place the habit of smoking among the luxuries of life.

PROBABLY the members of the graduating class will miss no one th ng in life here, so much as the genial greetings and kind words of our much loved janitor. Few men have the faculty for gaining the universal favor which he enjoys, and none are more deserving of good will. The Faculty of the college may thank his grey hairs for the lack of collegiate escapades which characterize other colleges to such an extent, and a younger and less popular janitor would find considerably more work to do, in the way of hunting for bell tongues and repairing recitation room doors. We cannot hope to find the old man here when we return. His share of life's work has

been long completed, while his goodness of heart seems to have won for him a longer lease of life than is usually granted to the hard workers of this world. As we say good bye to him we can only wish him, in his declining years, as much of happiness as he has helped to measure to us, and hope that his hundredth year may find him able to smoke his pipe and ring the chapel bell for a re-union of the class of '81.

CHICAGO, June 27, 1881.

Editors of Undergraduate:

A recent number of the Undergraduate contained the announcement that *J. S. Griswold* of the class of '66 had been re-elected city attorney Chicago. The information was quite startling, as I was personally and well acquainted with each member of that very talented (?) and remarkable class, of whioh I happened to be an inconspicuous member, and could not by any act of memory recall the face or form of *Griswold*. The members of that class were not so numerous as to make impossible the recollection of each man and his pecularities, and the great talent and acknowledged capacity of each, had so impressed the whole class that that it is improbable any could be forgotten. The suggestion, that possibly a mistake had occurred, would be acceptable and satisfactory if it were not at once considered a base libel on the college. There is a legend or superstition or nursery rhyme or fable, that every college is a kind of perpetual mother, cherishing the memory of her sons in a most careful and loving way, till the "boys," inspired by filial regard, called her Alma Mater. Hence Griswold might complain if any one should so far malign his careful mother as to intimate that age had dulled her intellect and memory.

"Thrice happy is he whose name has been well spelt
"In the dispatch."

This historical point about Griswold has furnished many pleasant and instructive thoughts about what is "fame," "honor," "achievements," "life," &c. Besides it is amusing and any hurt to my vanity has been thoroughly cured in the thought of the effect upon the "boys," and the old time hearty and joyous laughter I hear ring out, constrains me to hope that "you will never dare to write as funny as you can."

Am fearful that your announcement may subject me to some expense, should I meet the class in convenient places, but, as of old, shall endeavor to avoid the catastrophe. The accuracy of the Undergraduate, the scope of its subjects and necessary reliability in the various things of which its readers can know nothing except as obtained therefrom, compel me to admit that I ought not longer to be without it. I enclose $2 and should be pleased to receive the paper as long as the money will pay for same, and after that shall continue to remit till I find some other honored as highly by you as was

Yours, &c.,

JULIUS S. GRINNELL.

THE NAMELESS GUEST.

I wonder if ever the angel of death
  Comes down from the great unknown,
And soars away on the wings of night,
  Unburdened and alone!
I wonder if ever the angels' eyes
  Are filled with glistening tears,
As they grant to the souls unfit for flight,
  A few more weary years!

For it seems at times when the world is still
  And the soft, night winds are whist,
As though some spirit were hovering near,
  In folds of dream-like mist,
And I feel, though mortals are nowhere near,
  That I am not quite alone,
And with gloomy thoughts of dying and death
  My heart grows cold as stone.

But whether 'tis death that hovers near
  And knocks at the door of my heart,
Or whether 'tis some bright angel come
  To be of my life a part,
I cannot tell, and I long in vain
  The secret strange to know,
While the moments of mirth and grief and pain
  Move on in their ceaseless flow.

And at night when I kneel to a Higher Power
  And ask his tender care.—
One yearning cry of a wayward life
  Is the burthen of my prayer;
That I may bend, with willing lips,
  To kiss the chastening rod,
And learn the way through the golden gate
  To the great white throne of God.

PERSONALS.

'75. E. H. Baxter is visiting in town.

'77. Flagg is making a short visit in the place.

'80. Sheldon has returned from his camping expedition at Thompson's Point.

'81. J. C. Harvey remains in town to issue the July number of the Undergraduate.

'82. Ross is at the White Mountains.

'83. Stearns, Kellogg and others of '83 are at Martha's Vineyard.

C. M. Mead, from whom a communication appears in this number, was a graduate of this college and a member of the committee on the recent revision of the New Testament.

COMMUNICATION.

[The editors do not assume responsibility for the sentiments of the Communication Column.]

ANDOVER, MASS., June 4, 1881.

Editors of Undergraduate:

I was pleased with the suggestion made in your May number respecting the Sophomore "ram," that the money spent in issuing such a production might well and usefully have been spent on the gymnasium or for some other worthy purpose. You observe, "We haven't a man who lights his Havana with a five dollar bill for amusement, and yet fifty dollars, which would have done wonders in the gymnasium, has been used to light lamps and kindle fires since April 5th." This remarks suggests another in the line of your own. You may have no one who lights his cigar with a five dollar bill; but doubtless there are many in college who indulge themselves in the useless and expensive, if not harmful habit of smoking. Now my suggestion is that the money annually spent in this way should be reckoned up, and then the habit be abandoned, and the money be spent in some better way. Why not?

While my pen is in hand let me correct a statement made in your May number respecting the recent burglary and homicide in North Andover. The statement that the Phillips Academy boy who was killed in his burglarious act was studying for the ministry was widely circulated through the associated press; but it never had the least shadow of foundation, unless in the stupidity of some reporter who took it for granted that *all* the boys in Phillips Academy are studying for the ministry, and that therefore this one was; or else in the low knavery of some one who hoped to stir up some feeling against the Christian ministry by starting the report. The statement has long ago been corrected, and I am sorry that at this late day you have not been undeceived. The truth is that both the boys were avowed atheists; and only a few hours before his death the fated one was loudly declaring his assurance that he had no soul, that death would be the end of him, and that he wished no one to be troubled about him when his life should be ended. If it is important that the religious standing of the boy should be stated at all, the statement ought at least to be correct.

Yours truly, C. M. MEAD.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE CENTURY CO. (formerly Scribner & Co.)—The name of the corporation formerly known as Scribner & Co. (publishers of Scribner's Monthly, St. Nicholas, "The Spiritual Songs Series" of hymn and tune books, "Songs for the Sanctuary," etc.) has now been changed to the Century Co. The title of Scribner's Monthly will become The Century, with this volume. St. Nicholas is slightly changed as to its sub-title, being now St. Nicholas, an illustrated magazine for young folks. The July numbers of these magazines are the first to bear the new corporate imprint.

Scribner for July contains a paper of special and timely interest, "The People's Problem," in

which the writer takes the ground that the time has come for the people of this country to exercise their right to "alter the government."

Price of Scribner's Monthly, $4 a year; 35 cents a number. St. Nicholas, $3 a year: 25 cents a number. Sold everywhere.

The August Atlantic opens with a new serial by W. D. Howells. which promises to equal, if not surpass, his "Lady of the Aroostook," "Corda Concordia," by E. C. Stedman, is rather deep for minds unskilled in philosophical matters, but is full of beautiful thoughts for any reader. Richard Grant White contributes a most excellent article on the acting of Iago. "Recollections of James T. Eields," by Edwin P. Whipple, is an article which should have found a place in the magazine before. The placing of "Auf Wiedersehen" at the very close of the June number was rather an ambiguous compliment to one so intimately associated with the Atlantic and its successes. "Tidal Waves" by H. H., is a beautiful simile well expressed in fluent verse. The entire number is one of unusual interest.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

The Senior examining committee were Dr. Geo. B. Safford of Burlington and Gov. Stewart.

In the Kaleidoscope is an error which makes W. A. Jenner salutatorian where it should read Geo. Z. Erwin.

Prosy student, who had prolonged an evening call upon his adored to quite a late hour: "What beautiful nights we are having now." Adored, yawning: "Yes, they are delightful *for sleep*."

A fine copy of the Oxford edition of the revised New Testament, bound in morocco and gold, was presented to Dr. Hamlin by the American committee. The President reads from it at our morning exercises.

Freshmen coming out of a written examination. First F., "Well, chum, how did you get through?" Second F., "I am rather fearful that it will go hard with me, for I had to depend almost entirely on my memory."

Prof: "I see that the word judgment is here spelled j-u-d-g-e-m-e-n-t; do any of you know whether that spelling has any authority? First student, "I th'nk that is correct." Second do., "There is no authority for retaining the e. First student, "Oh, I thought the question was with the d."

The chapel exercises were very mysteriously transferred from the philosophical room to the chapel a short time ago. No one seems able to explain how the chairs and Bible moved from one room to the other, or what intuitive faculty induced all of the students to take their seats in the chapel on that particular morning. Yet such was the case.

The new tables and desks for the consultation room of the library have arrived. The work on the building is drawing toward its close and every indication is that the library in its new quarters will be ornamental as well as highly practicable. Those who enter classes hereafter will enjoy privileges in the use of the library that students have been denied heretofore. The whole arrangement will add much to the substantial advantages to be obtained from the course.

A large lot of new philosophical apparatus arrived last week. Only about half of the order was filled, it being necessary to wait for many of the pieces to be manufactured. Among the apparatus we notice one of Richie's patent Holtz machines besides several other valuable instruments. When the order is filled the philosophical apparatus of the college will be very complete, and the interest in the study of the natural sciences must necessarily be greatly increased.

Prof: "Can you give us some simple illustration by which we can get a more definite idea of the distance of the sun from the earth?" Junior: "I don't exactly remember the one given in the book, but I think I can make the matter plain." Prof: "You may proceed." Junior: "If a man should step 3000 miles at a pace and make 120 of these every second it would take him—— he would be——it would take him—quite a spell to get there."

Work has begun on the old library room, putting it in order to receive the cabinet collection of natural history. The cabinet is to be arranged to correspond with the classifications made by Dana in his text book which is used here. The room can be made into one of the most convenient and tasty that could be imag-

agined. The light is ample and not a specimen need be in a dark or obscure corner; and indeed such a corner would be difficult to find. A stairway is to pass from this room to the old museum below, into which the laboratory is to be moved with all its apparatus This will make a laboratory of nearly twice the size of the present one and much lighter and more cheerful.

The Commencament of '81 was undeniably a pleasant affair. The alumni present at the dinner spoke most enthusiastically of the exercises and congratulated the members of the class heartily. Many of those to whom attending commencement is a sort of religious duty affirmed that it was the best commencement they had ever attended. The orations were well worthy the attention of the audience and delivered in a manner which reflected credit upon the drill of Professor Kellogg. Middlebury College needs above all things a Professor of Elocution, and no rich alumnus could choose a better way for doing good than by endowing such a chair. The lack of elocutionary drill was not apparent on commencement day, however. The address by Rev. Henry N. Hudson on Tuesday was very forcible, and his eccentric delivery was forgotten in the pungency of his remarks. Eccentricity is easily pardoned when the subject matter of a discourse is of the solid and reliable stamp. Mr. Gay's poem was a beautiful conception and reads well. He was not in good voice and did not do himself justice in the desk, but the poem appeared in the *Register* and was read with much pleasure. At the concert Miss Earle fully sustained her reputation as a singer of unusual sweetness and power, and her execution as developed during two years under Agrimonti was remarkable. Owing to the non-arrival of Fessenden she was compelled to spend the afternoon before the concert in rehearsing extra numbers, and was therefore somewhat tired, but all were fully satisfied and delighted. The college quartet and mixed quartets filled some of Mr. Fessenden's numbers on the program, and no one in the audience expressed dissatisfaction at the change. The hop at the hall was most enjoyable and it has never been our pleasure to meet a more congenial party or a more select company at the commencement ball. The President's levee was well attended. The Howard Orchestra have the sincere thanks for most excellent music at the concert and for unusual cheerfulness and willingness at the hop. Future classes will do well to secure their services, The procuring of three and four hundred dollar orchestras from the city is unjustifiable for the students of Middlebury College, and the results of '81's commencement prove that economy will satisfy the majority. There are a few aesthetics who would turn up their noses and criticise any way, but *they* do not pay the bills.

There have been added to the library about five hundred dollars worth of new books. The money for this purpose was presented by Hon. Stephen A. Walker of New York city. The books were selected with a view of supplementing and completing sets, parts of which were already in the library. The following is a list of the new bocks purchased:

HISTORY.

Parkman's Historical Works, 8 volumes.
Green's History of the English People 4
Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest, 6
Freeman's Historical Essays, 2
Freeman's Historical Geography of Europe, 2
Palfrey's History of New England, 3
Smith's Rome and Carthage, 1
Bryce's Holy Roman Empire, 1
Stubb's Constitutional History of England, 3
Sime's History of Germany, 1
Business Life in Ancient Rome, 1
Benjamin's Trop, 1
Through the Dark Continent, by Stanley, 1
Origin of Nations, by Rawlinson, 1
Gahl and Koner's Life of the Greeks and Romans, 1

BIOGRAPHY.

English Men of Letters, 11 volumes.
Life of Lessing, by Sime, 1
Blaikie's Life of David Livingstone, 1
Trevellyan's Life ol Charles James Fox, 1
Spedding's Life of Bacon, 2
Massin's Life and Times of Milton, 6
Seeley's Life and Times of Stern, 1
Grimm's Life and Times of Goethe, 1
Metternich's Memoirs, 2
Madam De Reusat's Memoirs, 1
Carlyle's Reminiscences, 1
Memoirs of Alexander Duff, 1

LITERATURE AND POETRY.

Bayard Taylor's Poems and Dramatic Works, 2 volumes.
Bayard Taylor's Studies in German Literature, 1
Field's Yesterday with Authors, 1
Hedge's Prose Writers of Germany, 1
Symond's Greek Poets, 2
Child's English Ballads, 4
Southey's Poems, 4
Thorpe's Translation of the Beowulf, 1
Hillibrand's France and the French, 1
Hillibrand's German Thought, 1
Stenman's Victorian Poets, 1
Marlow's Dramatic Works, 1
C. D. Warner's My Summer in a Garden, 1
Saunterings, 1
Backlog Studies, 1
Adirondack Studies, 1
Morris' Earthly Paradise, 3
Dowden's Shakespeare's Mind and Art, 1
Carlyle's Past and Present Chartisin & Sartor Resartus, 1
Tewffell's History of Roman Literature, 1

Tyler's History of American Literature, 2
Mahaffy's History of Greek Literature, 2
VanLann's History of French Literature, 2

FICTION.

George Eiiot's Works, 7 volumes.
Hawthorn's Scarlet Letter, 1
Blithdale Romance, 1
Our Old Home, 1
Septimus Felton, 1
Thackeray's Newcombs, 1
Vanity Fair 1
Cooper's The Pioneers, 1
The Last of the Mohicans, 1
The Deer Slayer, 1
Afloat and Ashore, 1
Water Witch, 1
Mallock's New Republic, 1
New Paul and Virginia, 1
Eretag's Ingo, 1
Ingraban, 1
Bulwer's Last Days of Pompeii, 1
Rienzi, 1
Caxtons, 1
My Novel, 1
What will he do with it, 1
Charles Kingsley's Alten Locke, 1
Hueward the Wake, 1
Plays and Puritans, 1
Torgenieff's Fathers and Sons, 1
Virgin Soil, 1
Richardson's Clarissa Harlow, 1
W. D. Howell's Prose Works, 8
Buried Alive or ten years of Penal Servitude in Siberia, 2

SCIENCE.

Newcom's Popular Astronomy, 1 volume,
Gordon's Electricity and Magnetism, 2
Tyndal's Heat as a Mode of Motion, 1
On Sound, 1
Proctor's Other Worlds than Ours, 1
Ganot's Pbysics, 1
Dawson's Acatian Geology, 1
Nature and the Bible, 1
The Earth and Man, 1
The Origin of the World, 1
Darwin's Climbing Plants, 1
Dawkin's Cave Hunting, 1
Wallace's Distribution of Animals, 1
Malay Archipelago, 1
Minart's Lessons in Elementary Anatomy, 1
Lankester's Half hours with the Microscope, 1
Micholson's Ancient Life History of the Earth, 1
LeComte's Elements of Geology, 1
Merchison's Siluria, 2
Monson's Depths of the Sea, 1
Bessey's Botany, 1
Ryclu's "Earth," 1
Hooker's Hand Book of British Fiora, 1
Baird, Brewer and Ridgeway's Birds of North America, 3
Agassiz's Methods of Study in Natural History, 1

PHILOSOPHY.

Bowen's Modern Philosophy, 1 volume.
Faith and Philosophy, by H. B. Smith, 1
Calderwood's Relation of Science to Religion, 1
Bampton's Lectures, 9
Janet on Final Cause, 1
Bacon's Works, 2
Clarke's Ten great Religions, 1
Tames Lectures on Art, 2
Journal of Speculative Philosophy for from 1876 to '80, 5
Nineteenth Century and Contemporary Review for from 1878 to 1881, 14

PHILOSOPHY AND CLASSICS.

Muller's Chips from a German Workshop, 5 volumes,
Whitney's Oriental and Linguistic Studies, 2
Peiles Introduction to Greek and Latin Etymology, 1
Matzner's English Gramatick, 3
Parry's Terence, 1
Key's Philosophical Essays, 1

The following books have been presented to the college by the publishers;

D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, 16th Century, 5 vols., D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation in the time of Calvin, 8 vols. from Carter Bros., N. Y.
Dickens' Complete Works, Household Edition, 16 vols., from Lee & Shepherd, N. Y.
Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, last edition, from G. & C. Merriam, Springfield, Mass.
Thirteen volumes of the Encyclopedia Brittanica, to be followed by the rest of the set as soon as they are issued, from Scribner & Co., N. Y.

Besides these there have been several miscellaneous books presented by different persons.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Princeton and Madison University have adopted the mortar board.

Cambridge (England) drops Greek from the list of required studies.

It is claimed that nine-tenths of the college students of the country are Republicans.

Presidents Porter and McCosh lecture at the Concord School of Philosophy during the summer.

The Alumni of Haverford College have offered a prize for excellence in oratory and composition.

Wellesley talks of building an "Annex" for the accommodation of Harvard students.—*Brunonian.*

Brown University has a Sophomore who has a Sanskrit Lexicon nearly ready for publication—*Res Academicæ.*

England has four universities, France fifteen, and Germany twenty-two. Ohio, with that simplicity which is characteristic of the West, contents itself with thirty-seven.

Oxford caps have been adopted at Columbia. The Seniors are to be distinguished by a button of purple, Juniors by dark blue, Sophomores by cardinal, and Freshmen by dark green.

The *Lampoon*, a paper of the *Punch* style, formerly published at Harvard, has been revived. It is to be an undergraduate paper, and is looked for with great interest. Harvard now has five papers.

A Prof. in the Univ. of Michigan, after listening to an unusual number of Monday flunks, remarked: "This class is to be congratulated on one thing. It is very evident that the members do not work on Sunday."—*Chronicle.*

Mr. Thomas A. Scott has endowed the chair of Mathematics in the University of Pennsylvania with a gift of $50,000. He has also given $50,000 to the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, $30,000 to the Orthopœdic Hospital, Philadelphia, and $20,000 to the Children's Department of the Episcopal Hospital of Philadelphia.

Some of the students of Oberlin propose to issue a college song-book. The faculty as usual, having a finger in the pie, forbid "the admittance of songs lauding the use of tobacco and spirits, and those containing indelicate allusions." This of course excludes such songs as "Landlord, fill the flowing bowl," "My last cigar," "Son of a gambolier," etc., and the last clause of the restriction may even apply to the "Oscula rubentis puellæ," of old "Lauriger." Why not make it a hymn book at once and call it so?

PLUNDER.

Have you seen Olivette? No, but I have a sister Frances who can skate. Good evening.—

"Non hoc vespertino." Forsitan in alio vespertino?" "Bonum vespertinum!" And he lit out.—[*Atque ex——Puck.*

Virgil informs us, Æneid, IV, 275, that Æneas called on Dido one summer night, and inquired tenderly, "Ibis-ne in festivitatum hoc vespertino?"

An Irishman having heard that a certain astronomer had discovered an asteroid, remarked: "Bedad, he may have his asteroid, but for mesilf, I prefer a horse ter roid."—*Yale News.*

The girl who was courted by a spruce young lawyer, said she liked to be protected by the strong arm of the law. Another girl at a ball called her lover an Indian, because he was always on her trail,—*The College Mercury.*

The following on a colored lady, burned to death, is exceedingly impressive:

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant,"

and on a negro scalded to death:

"Sacred to the memory of our 'steemed friend."

A Senior, as he gave a last pull at his glove before going to the ball, remarked, "I've sacrificed another kid to Venus."—*Ex.*

Somebody's lips were close to mine;
So tempted, I couldn't resist.
Roguish and rosy, a sweet little mouth
Was suddenly, softly kissed.
Somebody's eyes looked up and frowned,
With such a reproving glance;
"If kisses were wicked?" I asked my pet,
Then the eyes began to dance.
And, smiling, the little maid answered.
As I knelt there at her feet:
"They must be a little bit naughty,
Or they never would be so sweet."—*Ex.*

It was their first night aboard the steamer. "At last," he said tenderly, "we are alone, out upon the deep waters of the dark blue sea, and your heart will always beat for me, as it has beat in the past!" "My heart's all right;" she answered, languidly, "but my stomach feels awful."

'Twas Harry who the silence broke:
"Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?"
"Because, because—I'm bored," she spoke,
"Oh, no; because you're woo'd," said he.

"Why are you like a tree?" she said.
"I have a—heart?" he asked so low,
Her answer made the young man red:
"Because you're sappy, don't you know?"

"Once more," she asked, "why are you now
A tree?" He couldn't quite perceive.
"Trees leave sometimes and make a bow,
And you may also bow—and leave."—*Ex.*

About a week ago an Iowa man died. He was very wealthy, and left three sons, his only heirs and the ungrateful boys got together and ran away with all the property before the lawyers could get it and divide with each other. There is so much sordid, mean, grasping selfishness in this world, that sometimes it is enough to discourage a good lawyer.

"TAFFY, SWEET TAFFY."

"What shall I give you, my love, my own?"
Said the enraptured youth to his lady fair;
"Bangles and bracelets for your white arms,
Or jewels to twine in your golden hair?
A shawl from the looms of the fervid East,
Or satins and silks from those of France?
What shall I give you, my love, my own?"
And he turned upon her his tenderest glance.

And the maiden's eyes, they brightly shone,
With the light of joy and of love and truth,
And her breath came quick as her ears drank in
The honeyed words of this ardent youth;
Round her slender waist he had placed an arm,
As he toyed with the curls on her sunny head.
"What shall I give you?" repeated he,
"Not quite so much taffy," she archly said.

She was declaiming "The Launching of the Ship," and as with a tender voice she exclaimed:

"How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!"

the professor rolled his eyes in ecstacy and whispered, "Beautiful, beautiful figure!" and the boys held each other down in their place, and smacked their juicy lips. Such, alas, are the temptations of co-education.

OFF AND ON.

Why, Ned, its never you?
Now this is prime!
I fancied you a hundred miles away.
Sit down! Can't spare the time?
Nonsense! an hour or two
Won't spoil the day.

Don't mind the rubbish, Ned,
I'm clearing out
My odds and ends. Those perfumed letters, there
Are Belle's. Brim full, no doubt,
Of sweets, but not half read.
And this—her hair.

But let me see, old boy—
You know her well—
How is she? Do you recollect the ring
I gave her? Dear old Belle,
She really did enjoy
That sort of thing.

Mean it? Gad, Ned, you know
I always do!
But this was months ago. You wouldn't keep
The same flirtation through
Whole years, when kisses go
So jolly cheap?

What's that I hear you say?
She's married! Ah!
That's news. And you the lucky fellow! Well,
If you must go, ta-ta.
But, by the way,
My love to Belle. —*University Magaziue.*

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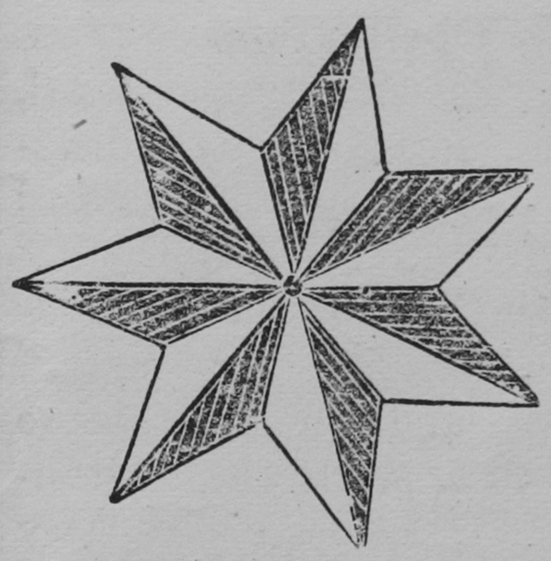

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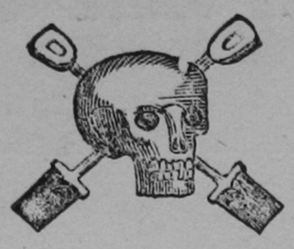

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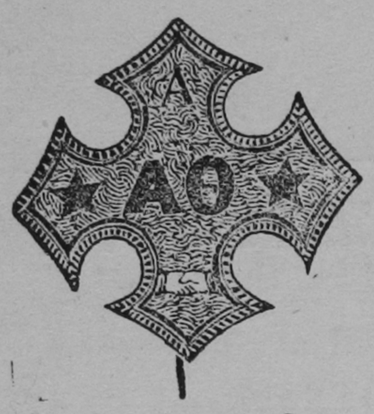

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